



LEGEND LAYMONE

M. B. M. TOLAND



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LEGEND AYMONE

A POEM
BY M.B.M. TOLAND

*AUTHOR OF "IRIS," "SIR RAE," * *
"ONTI ORA," "THE INCA PRINCESS," *
"EUDORA," "ÆGLE AND THE ELF," ETC., ETC.



FROM DRAWINGS
BY EMINENT ARTISTS



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON: 10, HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN
1890.



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Frontispiece	Drawn by W. HAMILTON GIBSON.	
"In tints opalescent the airy flecks play"	Page 14	
	Drawn by WM. T. RICHARDS.	
"O'er valleys and cañons and bold bluffs between"	18	
	Drawn by J. B. SWORD.	
"O'er shoulders a mantle was gracefully hung"	24	
	Drawn by MAUD HUMPHREY.	
"Come, tell me, what good do those pale Padres bring?"	30	
	Drawn by F. S. CHURCH.	
"On gossamer wings lightly butterflies soar"	38	
	Drawn by RENÉ T. DE QUELIN.	
"'Twas my part to lead them; but thou hast me led'"	44	
	Drawn by HERBERT DENMAN.	
"Neath sycamore hoary, in mission retreat"	48	
	Drawn by H. BOLTON JONES.	
"Low knelt the good Padre, entreating in prayer"	52	
	Drawn by H. SIDDOXS MOWERAY.	
"In like way The Padre Baptized the new child"	Drawn by FRANCIS C. JONES	55

DECORATIONS IN THE TEXT MODELLED BY JOHN J. BOYLE.



I.

In chronicles ancient, traditions still score
Their mystic,
Artistic,
And fabulous lore.

II.

While seeking such myths in this glorious clime,
With pleasure
To measure
The ripples of rhyme,

LONG WALK LULLABY.

III.

This Indian legend was found to unfold
The wild ways
Of those days
A century old.

IV.

Since fathers Franciscan this country explored,
While preaching
And teaching
True faith in our Lord,

V.

Came Padres, who valiantly dangers would brave
Their cause blest
By conquest,
The heathen to save.

LEGEND LAYMONE.



VI.

Some natives were won from idolatry soon,
While others,
Their brothers,
Still worshipped the moon,

VII.

Enthroned on high heaven, surrounded by stars,
With fair face,
Benign grace,
Through peace and wild wars.



VIII.

Old sorcerers studied its phases by night
Through changes
And ranges
Of magical light

LEGEND LULLMOON.

IX.

Its course during ages, by silvery rays,

Unsealing,

Revealing

Its long-hidden ways.

X.

This land of the South is like Eden, so fair,

Inviting,

Delighting

In luxuries rare :

XI.

Pacific its waters, with waves flowing free,

Arraying,

Displaying,

The charms of deep sea :

LEGGING THE MEAL

XII.

Cool zephyrs intoning low-voiced evermore
Are liting
And drifting
Foam-webs the beach o'er

XIII.

In tints opalescent the airy flecks play
With rainbows
Of bright glows
O'er bubbles of spray :

XIV.

While sparkle the white-crested surf-rifts upon
The ocean,
In motion
To azure line drawn !



LEGEND LAYMONS.

XV.

Where welkin embraces our view on the west
O'er waves bright
With sunlight
Or moonbeams at rest.

XVI.

Sierras encircle this beautiful strand,
Enclosing,
Reposing
On broad, fertile land;

XVII.

Majestic, their highest peaks mantled with snow;
Through veil sheen
Of mist, seen
From valleys below.

THE ZĀNĀ



XVIII.

O'er this range Chiet Zānā, in sport-loving cheer,
A young brave
Much time gave
To hunting the deer.

XIX.

One bright, balmy morning, while chasing his game—
Ascending
Ways wending,
O'er summit he came.

LEGEND LILIMONE

XX.

When lost were the curveting deer from his view
While speeding
And leading
The tangled pass through.

XXI.

Perplexed that the game could thus vanish from sight,
No covert
To hide sport
Assisting their flight ;

XXII.

Thus standing, he gazed with elated surprise
O'er scenes rare
Outspread there,
Enframed by the skies :

LEGEND / ILLUSTRATIONS

XXIII.

O'er valleys and canons and bold bluffs between
All cragged,
Steep, jagged,
Each mystic ravine.

XXIV.

Where sentinels silent, like guards in command—
Tall cacti,
Stiff, stately,—
Impressively stand:

XXV.

Where murmuring brooklets, with sallying sweep,
Meander
And wander
Through wild dingles deep:



LEGEND L'UMONE.

XXVI.

Embracing the waters of river below
In ripples
And dimples
With soft, gurgling flow ;

XXVII.

When, suddenly startled, the hunter espied
A young deer
Without fear
Approaching his side.

XXVIII.

Quick seizing his bow, out an arrow he drew,
Scarce staying
The slaying,
When burst on his view



XXIX.

Nuh lûe-soo, a young squaw while climbing that way—
Called quickly,
In Monqui,
" 'Tis mine! Do not slay!"

XXX.

Down dropt his drawn bow with a quivering thrill;
Then spake he
Laymone,
Demanding her will,

LEGEND LAYMONT.

XXXI.

"Ha! comest thou here, like a queen, to command?

A deer tame

Is no game

To fall by my hand.

XXXII.

"'Tis thou that hast baffled my sport of to-day:

The game met

With thy pet

And vanished away."

XXXIII.

In faltering accents she timidly said,

"Forgive me!

My fawn he

Through mountain-pass sped."

LEGEND LAYMANS

XXXIV.

And, while she was speaking, her large hazel eyes
Were glancing,
Enhancing
His waking surprise:

XXXV.

With joy at his safety, the young deer caressed,
While flushes,
Warm blushes,
Confusion expressed.

XXXVI.

O'erclouding her pleasure, she felt the dismay
Of marplot
To game sought
By chieftain that day.



LEGEND LAYMONNE.

XXXVII.

Lithe, sylph-like her form, in its wild woodland grace ;
Light, airy
As fairy,
With bronze, comely face ;



XXXVIII.

The beauties of nature eclipsing all charms
Of necklace
In coy place
Or bracelets on arms ;

XXXIX.

Her delicate apron,—fine fibres of reeds,—

Her net fair

O'er black hair,

Her collar of beads;

XI.

From mother-of-pearl, with small shells and fruit stones,

All stranded

And banded

In clustering zones.

XLI.

O'er shoulders a mantle was gracefully hung

Of fox-skins,

By clasp-pins

To ornaments strung.



LEGEND LAYMONE.

XIII.

Her youth, dusky beauty, perfection of mould,
 Attracted,
 Distracted
The chieftain's heart cold.

XIII.

At peace with her tribe, he could bend to his will
 This young squaw
 With stern law ;
Yet felt his heart thrill.

XIV.

To braves of Laymone such feeling was strange,
 Arising,
 Surprising,
His thoughts to derange.

XCV.

An impulse intruded within the chief's breast
Awaking,
Partaking
Of wish unexpressed.



XCVI.

Subdued by her manner,
so modest, refined,
For strict rule
Of church school
Had cultured her mind,

LEGEND LLYMONE.

XLVII.

He gazed on the young squaw as never before.
This new thought
Response brought
That sanctity wore.

XLVIII.

She shrank from his glances,
more tremulous still,
While great fear
And dread drear
Her heart's pulses thrill ;





XLIX.

As slowly he gathered spear, quiver, and bow,
In bold pride
By her side
Down rough steeps to go.

L.

Wild wishes arose while thus wending his way,—
Ideal
With real,
Fond fancies at play.



LI.

A chieftain was he of the primitive race,
His warm hue
Like bronze new;
Tall, manly in grace.

LII.

When midway down mountain-pass paused they awhile;
Then spake he
Words gently,
With softening smile :

LXXXI LXXXII

III

"Come tell me, what good do those pale Padres bring?
Their banners
Strange manners,
Have changed everything.

IV.

"Far grander the forms of our feast praises made
With eagle,
In regal,
Imposing parade,

IV.

"Uplifted by priest in the great circle, where
We braves prance
With glad dance
Of thanksgiving prayer.





LVI.

"Divine is the eagle! our messengers sent
With joy praise
Of feast days,
Expressing content.

LXVII.

"His spirit released, to Great Spirit above
Each token
As spoken
He bears with our love.



LXVIII.

"Then why dost thou follow such mystical creed?
Their priesthood
Is no good,
Nor such do we need."



LIX.

Confused by his questions, she answered, "They teach
A good life
Without strife,
And holy words preach.

LX.

"The reverend Padres will make plain to thee
Our praise pure
And faith sure,
As they have taught me."

THE LITTLE LILY

LXI.

The while she was speaking, sweet musical strains
Came nearer
And clearer
In rhythmic refrains

LXII.

Gay medleys a mocking-bird charmingly sung,
His trilling
Tones filling
With mimic notes rung,

LXIII.

The lark's song enchanting, the wood-dove's soft coo,
Combining,
Entwining
His roundelay through.

LEGEND LAYMONNE.

LXIV.

When ended the chant, on the brave's upturned face
Audacious
With gracious
Expression found place.

LXV.

While waving his hand at the songster, asked he,
" Can priests sing,
Or songs bring,
Like this melody ?

LXVI.

" How happy birds flutter on wings ever light !
No teacher,
No preacher
Disturbing their flight.

LXXXV.

LXXXII.

"The land of our fathers, the Indian's pride,
With mountains
And broad plains,
Big waters beside.

LXXXIII.

"See triple-tiered mountains, green, violet, blue,
Ascending
Till blending
Sky-tints with their hue."

LXXXIV.

To stiff Spanish dagger palm pointing, he said,
"Tall towers,
Flag flowers,
Float over each head.

LEGEND L'YMONNE.

LXX.

“See, guarded by nature, each leaf like a spear;
What dangers
Meet strangers
Who venture too near,

LXXI.

“We thus should stand guarded, by night and by day,
Alertly,
Expertly,
Keep strangers away.



LXXV. LXXVI.

LXXII.

Our lands are all beautiful, blooming, and bright
Sweet flowers
Form bowers
Enhancing delight.

LXXIII.

On gossamer wings lightly butterflies soar,
The bees dip
And sweets sip
From honey-dews' store.

LXXIV.

The humming birds flitting o'er sweet eglantine
Will not miss
The light kiss
Where blossoms entwine.



LEGEND LXXV.

LXXV.

"Then why come the strangers? With new gods they bring
Delusion,
Confusion,
And change everything.

LXXVI.

"Their coming I've watched, and still study them well;
Our lives free
As birds, we
In pleasure should dwell."

LXXVII.

Again sang the bird with a wild rhapsody,—
Sweet twitters
With flitters
On wings flying free.

LXXXIII.

Pleased smiles lit the faces of both as they heard.

The brave spake,

“For my sake

Be free as that bird!”



LEGEND LII-MONE.

LXXIX.

“For while it was singing, a light from thine eyes
 Caressed me,
 Impressed me,
Awaking surprise.

LXXX.

“Nuh-lûte-soo, I love thee! How strange this all seems!
 Thy pleading
 Glance leading
Through wandering dreams.

LXXXI.

“What name did they call thee when taken away
 From tribe rule,
 To strict school
In pompous display?”



LXXXII.

"I was Ynez, when christened, they called my new name ;
With water
The daughter
Of church I became."¹

LEGEND LYYMONE.

LXXXIII.

He sadly sighed, "Ynez, how changed thou art, too!
From life wild
A church-child
Devoted and true.

LXXXIV.

"Thy Padre must know that, arrested by thee,
This hand stays
Its wild ways
Of cold cruelty.

LXXXV.

"My tribe is now plotting revenge : for they feel
The Padres
Have strange ways
Our treasures to steal.

LXXXVI.

"I was my part to lead them, but thou hast me led
To pleasures
Full measures
Through peace' path instead."



LXXXVII.

Then, lowering his voice to a whispering tone,
"On next moon,
That comes soon,
The torch will be shown,



LEGEND LAYMONT

LXXXVIII.

"Unless I prevent it. For thy sake I will
Warn Padre,
And this way
My duty fulfil."

LXXXIX.

Anxiety clouded her brow o'er with grief,
Then vanished
As banished
By smile of relief.

XC.

This promise had kindled her gratitude warm,
Like sunbeams
When hope gleams
Through uplifting storm.

LULLABY LULLABY

XCI.

His manner so gracious, she felt unrestrained
By doubts dread
For fear fled
With confidence gained.

XCI.

Together, descending declivities steep,
Through passes,
Tall grasses,
Of mountain-range steep!

XCI.

Awaking warm pulses of love's dawning ray,
Inciteful,
Delightful,
While wending their way.



XCIV.

The deer, now released from restraint, sportive fled
With ambles
Where brambles
Through craggy pass led.

XCV.

They entered a valley with stream purling there,
That ran on
Through cañon
Of wild beauties rare.

NOVI

Neath ycamore hoary, in mission retreat,
Sat reading,
Unheeding
The sound of their feet.





LEGEND LIMONE.

XCVII.

Good Padre Junipero Serra, oppressed
By great care,
Absorbed there
In studies, the best.

XCVIII.

To Ynez his greeting was fatherly, kind,
With blessing
Caressing
This child, pure in mind.

XCIX.

He welcomed the brave with a genial tone,
Smiled, saying,
“Not paying
Thy visit alone?”

THE LITTLE WORLD

C

"A Christian hath led thee to seek me 'tis well,
By faith sure
We souls lure
In church love to dwell.

CL

"Yes," answered the brave, "with her mild, modest way
She spelled me
And held me
From death-dealing fray.

CLL

"Thy enemies many next moon change away
To uprise
And surprise
With long brooding hate.

LEGEND L'YMONK.

CHIL.

"To shatter this mission with massacre dire,
In hot haste
To lay waste
By torture and fire."



THE PRAYER.

CIV.

Low knelt the good Padre, entreating in prayer
That Jesu
Would guard through
The dangers dread there.

CV.

Then smiled, as if angels in answer had brought
On fleet wings
Glad tidings,
Protection he sought.

CVI.

The sun's setting rays saintly halos o'erspread,
Soft shimmers,
Gold glimmers,
Encircled his head



LEGEND LAYMONÉ

CVII.

Like chaplet of heavenly radiance, beamed
Far brighter
Than mitre
Or jewelled crown gleamed.

CVIII.

Arising, he spake to the brave : "Thou hast said
'Twas Ynez
Gave impress
To save us that led

CIX.

"Away from vile plots, causing thee to confess,
Thus bravely,
And save me
Our mission to bless.

THE SECOND LAMENT

glo.

Such service hath won a reward— Take thy share
New claimant
Of raiment
That converts must wear.

CXI

"Speak!" Tell me if thou hast another wish still
Ungranted,
Yet wanted?
I'll gladly fulfil."

CXII

"Yes," answered the brave, "thy new faith let me try,
That blesses,
Impresses,
Like eagle-praise high!"



LEGEND LAYMONE

CXIII.

"Canst thou with church waters make me good and pure ?

Can chief be

From sin free

In holy faith sure?"

CXIV.

The Padre replied, "We will gladly receive

And christen

Thee : listen

To words and believe."

CXV.

Like Jesu's disciples in wilderness wild,

In like way

The Padre

Baptized the new child.

THE MEXICAN.

(89)

Lorenzo the name when baptized he received
With new life
Above strife
From vile plots relieved.

CXVII.

Arrayed in new garments, Nuh-lute-soo he claimed
By her side
With glad pride
His heart's wish he named.

CXVIII.

Then earnestly pleading, "Good Padre," he said,
"Please plight us,
Unite us,
We wish to be wed.



CXIX.

"Together we willingly wait thy command;
In this place
By thy grace
We suppliant stand."

CXX.

Of Ynez the Padre benignantly asked,
"Doth thy love
His wish prove,
For service so tasked?"

CXXI.

She artlessly answered, with warm, winsome way,
"Lorenzo
Hath said so;
His wish I obey."

CXXII

The sunset in glory illumined the west
With gold gleams
And rose beams
Of ruby rays dressed.

CXXIII

When Padre united in wedlock the pair,
Impressing
His blessing
Their duties to share.





To the courtesy of Don Antonio F. Coronad and of Colonel J. J. Warner I am indebted for an account of La Fiesta del Gavilan, or the Eagle Feast of the Fall, the Thanksgiving ceremonies held by all Indians in this country every autumn.

Eagles are scarce in California: therefore he who entraps an eaglet is most fortunate.

The bird is considered divine by the Indians, and is carefully kept until ready for the sacrifice, when the fortunate captor invites all the neighboring tribes to unite in the grand feast.

A large square is enclosed by brush, where congregate the Indians for a general merrymaking of seven days. On the evening of the seventh day a wise man of the tribe (the priest or medicine-man) stands in the centre of a large circle of braves, holding the eagle high, that all may see their messenger divine. The braves dance and chant jubilant songs of praise-prayers with petitions.

The other Indians are gathered round the interior circles, adding their petitions and praise, which the priest repeats to the eagle. At the close of their prayers the eagle droops his head, and, without a struggle or even

thunder of his voice instantly died. His spirit thus seemed borne to the Great Spirit, embodied in the moon, all their petitions and prayers passed.

Colonel Warner suggested that this miraculous death might have been caused by some mystic operation of the wise man to give mortal effect to the eagle's departure on his sacred mission.

From Captain Juan Morones, an intelligent Indian from Laramie Reservation I learned that during this ceremony names were given to all Indian children born since the preceding eagle feast, whether they had already received baptismal names or not. By these names the children are always afterwards known among their tribe.

I am indebted for valuable information to the Right Reverend F. O'Connell, Titular Bishop of Joppa, and to the Rev. Father J. Adam, A. C. Los Angeles, for his most interesting translation of the life of the Very Reverend Padre Junipero Serra, from the Spanish by Father Baker.



